



# TRUE HOLLYWOOD STORIES

canibus

PARENTAL  
GUIDE  
EXPLICIT LYRIC

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Stan Lives! (Skit)"

*[driving car]*

*[Bliss:]* "Hey, yo Loo, what time is the flight man?"  
*[Loo:]* "We got 30 minutes to get to the airport, man, heck you should drive a little faster"  
*[Bliss:]* "What! I'm already doing above"

*[Stan's car passes them]*

*[Loo:]* "The fuck's the matter with this guy?"  
*[2Pak:]* "Crazy motherfucker"  
"Damm, slow down"  
*[Bliss:]* "Who's he tryna' catch?"  
*[Loo:]* "I dunno, but if he don't slow down, he might-"

*[Stan's car skids and crashes off a bridge]*

"Wow! Shit!"  
*[Loo:]* "See that?!"  
*[Bliss:]* "God damm! Yo, that nigga just drove over the bridge! Yo Pak! Yo, slow down man!"  
*[2Pak:]* "Yo, Bliss man, we gotta make this flight man, we got 60 G's on the show"  
*[Bliss:]* "Yo, somebody's in there, yo, pull over Pak!"  
*[2Pak:]* "Yo, I'mma call 911, to son"  
*[Bliss:]* "Man, if we don't do sumthing man, they gonna' drown!"

*[Bliss gets out of the car]*

*[2Pak:]* "Yo, Bliss man, what are you doin?"  
*[Bliss:]* "I gotta go, yo I gotta go rescue them"  
*[2Pak:]* "C'mon Bliss!"  
*[Loo:]* "Yo, don't worry about Bliss man, he a good swimmer son, he knows what he's doing"

*[Stan is gasping for air]*

*[Bliss:]* "Yo, is he breathing?"  
*[Bliss:]* "Yo, I dunno, yo Loo, quick man, get me a sweater so I can put it underneath his neck"

*[Ambulance sirens]*

*[Ambulance person:]* "Thank you, now could you ease step to the side"  
*[talks through radio]* "We have a 53-11, I repeat, a 53-11, our ETA is 7 minutes"

*[Ambulance person:]* "We'll take it from here, what's his name?"  
*[2Pak:]* "We dunno, we was just right behind him and he just drove off the fucking bridge!"  
*[2Pak:]* "Yo Bliss, we gunna miss our flight man, we gotta leave now!"  
*[Bliss:]* "Yo, excuse me, how far is the hospital from here?"  
*[Ambulance person:]* "5 minutes, I need you to come to the hospital and fill out a report"  
*[Bliss:]* "Ok, ok, yo, I'll just catch up with y'all at the airport"



# Canibus Lyrics

## "U Didn't Care"

### *[Chorus]*

You.. didn't, care about me  
And now this is how it has to be  
I was lost, but now I am free  
I'm happy cuz I found a family

### *[Verse 1]*

Whattup Em', it's ya biggest fan  
It's not even necessary to introduce who I am  
by now, cuz we're good friends  
Remember the letter I wrote, before Atlanta on Up In Smoke  
That's the day I was gonna cut ya throat  
I guess my watch was broke -- cuz by the time I woke  
I seen my watch was twelve hours late and I missed the show  
But none the less I'm glad that I finally reached you  
Ever since the accident I've been dying to speak to you  
To tell you things have changed, and I'm a different man  
A different level of understanding, I'm a different Stan  
Things are a lot better, I promise I won't harrass you with any letters  
Saying shit like "We should be together"  
I may reach and start a group  
The industry's full of homosexuals Slim, but I don't wanna fuck you  
I got a new attitude, really, I ain't mad at you  
I just wanted you to recognize I got talent too

### *[Chorus]*

### *[Verse 2]*

When I say talented, I don't mean battle kid  
I mean storytellin, kinda like how ya album is  
I been attendin counselin and takin medicine  
They did some tests on me at NIH in Maryland  
They showed me techniques to help me pressure  
whenever I remember that crazy night when I was being reckless  
Drivin with a deathwish, on the bridge and I crashed into a Lexus  
Right before I finished that last sentence  
I was listenin to Xzibit's album "Restless"  
The next thing I knew I was under water and breathless  
I was unconscious for a second, literally dying to go to heaven  
till some fellas came and pulled me from the wreckage  
They started CPR, then they called the paramedics  
In retrospect I probably shoulda used a gun to end it  
By the time the car sunk  
My pregnant girlfriend was still in the trunk  
and I was still feelin kinda drunk  
The ambulance came and they put me on the stretcher  
Hooked me up to the IV and checked my blood pressure

One of them was so concerned that they wouldn't leave  
He hopped in the back of the ambulance and rolled up some weed  
My vision was blurry, I couldn't really see  
I just remember his voice talking to me  
In the emergency room, I needed surgery to get some glass removed  
and fifty stitches for my wooze

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3]*

After a couple months of therapy,  
I figured I was as ready as I'd ever be - I wanted to be an emcee  
He took me to shows wit him, he let me flow wit him  
He let me write some rhymes and go on tour wit him  
I really believed in him, I decided to team wit him  
And now I'm overseas wit him, gettin cheese wit him  
And I'm emceein wit him, I'm havin the best time of my life  
And I'm writin the best rhymes of my life  
He introduces me to people as his lyrical equal  
Let me write a rhyme on his album and even produce a beat too  
He ain't see-through, I can't see him frontin  
He's not the type to call you, just because he needs somethin  
That's what I like about him,  
I wouldn't want to rock a mic without him  
He's got kahunas and he's not a coward  
Matta fact, I think he met you  
It was the day you came to his video shoot with DJ, Jimmy's nephew  
'Clef stepped to him and told him he should step to you  
That you was ghost writin for L, but that wasn't true  
You was lookin at him the same way I'm lookin at you  
Why can't we be friends Em', I don't want nothin from you  
You see there's a little bit of Stan in all of us  
Tell me where you think all of these record sales sparred from  
Talkin 'bout Britney and Christina Aguilera  
Nsync too, have you ever looked in a mirror?  
Your hair ain't really blonde, and ya eyes ain't blue  
So never diss me, cuz when you diss me your dissin you..

See.. See what happens when you don't care

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Rip Off"

*[crowd chanting]*

Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus  
Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus [x2]

*[Hook: x2]*

Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)  
Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)  
Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)  
Well I'm gone (Ohhhhhh!)

*[Verse 1]*

Yo, my brain races to create these lyrical mosaics like paintings  
To me record store and art galleries are merely the same thing  
I feel like I'm Rembrandt and my man Van Gogh is amazin  
Canibus is not some average rap patron, have patience  
I went through changes, not being with the majors and all  
'Til my man Louie Lombard gave me a call  
and talked about some other way to cake off  
I thought hmmm.. I could make more, he said "Sure"  
"I could put you in about three thousand stores,  
and get at least fifty thousand orders"  
"Maybe more 'Bus, who knows your fanbase is emormous"  
Well of course, look who I've toured with; Wyclef  
I didn't sell twenty million cuz it wasn't my time yet  
I'm satisfied with the line up I rhyme with  
Kool G Rap, Pharoahe Monch, and Rakim  
Including future superstars I've worked with thus far  
Like Free, from 106 and Park  
You need to understand somethin; 'Bus is raw  
Raw to the floor, raw like reservoirs,  
Auger mechanical mandible jaws, split you in half  
Addicted to rippin jackers, but I rip a jackass  
Before we battle, there's two questions I have to ask  
Are you carrying any firearms, and did you pack your bags?  
Cool, cuz I'ma make you feel real bad  
And I'ma make you so mad, you'll probably spazz  
I can see you tryna get me like they got Biggie  
Somewhere in the city, on a pretty day when I dressed in Jiggy  
And I got security with me  
I'll give you a buck-fifty so quickly,  
you won't even know that ya nose dripping  
So much blood on the floor, you might as well be pretending  
to be mudwrestling a dozen bitches PMSing  
Sounds kinda tempting, doesn't it?  
Dissing me wasn't really worth it, was it?  
I'm buggin, I know a lot of y'all loved it  
and tryed to convince the public to safe bug this

But just think, I played y'all like a bunch of puppets  
You play Russian Roulette with a musket,  
and got busted in your own nugget  
A twenty-one gun salute with no bullets and no trumpets  
While the rain pours and the storm thunders  
Your rotten carcass smells so pungent, it turns my stomach  
Attracts the buzzards, on Fox Eyewitness News coverage  
Rip the Jacker's on the loose in London,  
he slipped through US customs and flew to Dublin  
Frontin as a janitor in a school or somethin  
Workin for little or nothin, I'm warnin you DON'T TRUST HIM  
He's a complete risk to the American public  
And don't ever call the law cuz he thinks he's above it  
Let's get one thing straight; you can't touch him,  
Outsmart him, out muscle him, or out hustle him  
You can't beat 'em - join 'em, you can't join 'em - fuck 'em  
Can-I-Bus, either ya hate him or ya love him

*[Hook: 2x]*

*[Verse 2]*

Yeah yeah, I seen you at Ruby Tuesday's  
With a toupee, talkin on ya two-way -- you look gay  
Nigga I don't give a fuck about the games you play  
I gnaw on ya bones 'til my teeth turn blue-gray  
Or turn yellow like I ain't brushed in a few days  
And the blood starts to taste like red toothpaste  
Nigga this ain't communion and that ain't Kool-Aid  
Delicacies the FDA won't approve in the states  
Like a little witche's brew in your vanilla latte  
Or perhaps Filet of Dog in a Malaysian cafe  
If I was a cook I would probably take a half day  
Clock out and never come back, you keep the back pay  
That's some metaphorical shit, all you have A  
Is that why all you weirdos all attracted to me?  
Look at yourself, why you even listen to me?  
Listen to yourself, your constantly dissin me  
Well listen to this bitch, get off my D  
If you don't think that I'm the illest, that's cool I don't agree  
I proved myself, time and time again  
Grippin mics like Heinekens, who want me to rhyme again?  
You could never expire the fire within  
Killin me with a gun is easy, try a pen  
For the use it was intended  
I don't like to be the one to start the drama nigga,  
but I know how to end it  
Kill yourself I'll take the credit - get it?  
You see that way, things couldn't work out more pleasant

# Canibus Lyrics

## "C True Hollywood Stories"

*[Hook]*

True Hollywood Stories.. True Hollywood Story..

True Hollywood Story.. True Hollywood Story..

True Hollywood Story.. True Hollywood Story..

True Hollywood Story.. this is a True Hollywood Story..

*[Canibus]*

Yo I vaguely remember 1974, when I was born

Soon as the doctor cut my umbilical cord, he put me in my mother's arms

I was cryin when she looked down at me

She was smilin cuz I guess she was happy (Coochie-coochie-coo!)

She absolutely had no idea

I was flowin cuz it wasn't quite clear (You so cute!)

She just kept ticklin me and ignorin me (Weeeeeee!)

*[Hook]*

*[Canibus]*

My native home was Jamaica (No problems man)

We moved to the states a few years later

I had trouble fittin in (What did you say?)

Cuz I had a funny speech impediment

People couldn't understand what I mean

Meeda sata greedafa zeen (Sha oh)

I used to wear cross-colored jeans

Rasta belts with the red, gold, and green

My man used to boost travel pocket for me

True Hollywood Story

*[Hook]*

*[Canibus]*

In '93 I met the Lost Boyz

Without them, I wouldn't even have a voice

I showed the world I was nice with the verbals

That's how I got signed to Universal

I released two albums, in all sold 9 hundred and 99 thousand

Over the years, alotta people tryed to diss me

Cuz I grabbed a piece of hip-hop history

Thank God that the drama didn't destroy me

True Hollywood Stories

*[Hook]*

*[Canibus]*

I took a trip to England with Pac-Man

Five months later we met Stan

He was cool so we let him join the band  
And introduced him to the rest of the Horsemans  
Then I hooked up with this cat named Lou (Lou-minatti)  
And he was cool with C-4 too (plus two)  
Now the whole crew's on tour with me  
True Hollywood Stories

*[Hook]*

*[Canibus]*  
This is a story about beef  
Arrogance, lies, and deceit  
This is an independent release  
And that's why it's totally depended on the streets  
I ain't got no record label behind me  
Maybe nobody got the balls to sign me  
But it's cool cuz soon they'll all be callin me  
This is a True Hollywood Story...

# Canibus Lyrics

## "A Different Vibe In L.A."

*[Chorus]*

Doop-doop da-da..  
It's a whole different vibe when you in L.A.  
Doop-doop da-da..  
It's a whole different vibe when you in L.A.  
Doop-doop da-da..  
It's a whole different vibe when you in L.A.  
Doop-doop da-da..  
It's a whole different vibe when you in L.A.

*[Verse 1]*

Yeah, cruisin down Melrose, hella slow in a yellow Marinello  
Lookin for who sells shelltoes that I could match with my silk robe  
I'm like Hugh Heffner at 26 years old, with clear goals  
Yeah I'll take two pair of those  
I love the way my toes feel in the cyberfoam soles when I'm doin shows  
Who knows, I'm prepared to go to and fro  
All I do is tell you dudes where the Western Union dough  
You need my social security info?  
Here's my tax I.D. number, it's worth ten fold  
I remember my first album, it shipped gold  
That's a insult, considering I did this one in Kinko's  
I'm dying to see what this will sold  
Will the critics diss it at all, or will they feed 'Bus to the wolves?  
Like I haven't been there before,  
but at least I'm on a different vibe now, this year it's on

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 2]*

It's definitely a different vibe west of the Prime Meridian  
Producers play with live instruments, rhymes are wittier  
But don't sleep cuz in a heartbeat Cali is shittin ya  
Someone'll put a hit on ya, this'll be where they bury ya  
I think it's beautiful, I don't want to be scarin ya  
The women are prettier and the climate is superior  
Got a girl from Syria, smells like strawberries on her period  
I'm serious - that's why I moved in with the chick  
We on the top of Mount Olympus, sharin our interests  
over a moonlit dinner, burnin some insense  
She looks so innocent, next think I know she's pinnin me to the bed  
like a scene outta Basic Instinct  
Bought her a pink mink and a double link ring  
She didn't know I was a rapper and I did my thing-thing  
What a coincidence, she listened to Eminem and Nsync  
Shaggy, Nelly, and the St. Lunatic clique, Uh-Ohhhh!

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3]*

Yeah baby, Canibus in the flesh  
Everybody want a dose of me, come here baby stand close to me  
Take a photo with me, take this address  
If you develop 'em post one to me  
If you miss me and you wanna kiss me then blow one to me  
I like your incenticities, tailor-fitting jeans  
Tennis bracelets from Tiffany's in Venice, Italy  
Are you from the Middle East? (Oh)  
I plan to travel there after my new release  
I got Timbaland doin some beats  
Yeah, his cousin goes to school with my neice  
By the way I'm sorta starred, what kinda food do you eat?  
Yeah sure hop in the car, we'll cruise the streets  
Around here I know alotta cool places to eat  
You off from what, noon to three, just roll with me  
My homie Lou just two-wayed me from Lagoona Beach  
You can meet the rest of the crew, a bunch of super freaks  
We got to unwind, we 'bout to hit the road in two weeks, c'mon

*[Chorus]*

Doop-doop da-da.. *[repeat to fade]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "I Gotta Story 2 Tell"

*[Girl Singing]*

Listen to me everybody, I got a story to tell

Well, well

Ono wan make beef outta steam fish?

Tell ya artist keep my name out they mouth or you wont have no peace

Compared to Canibus ya pitbulls is poultry

You and Biggie made a dope team but i roast beans

Be careful how you approach things

My name aint J to the Muahh, mann i got a flow that stings

Its rap music, you confuse it if you want to

I might still diss you just to see what you gon do

You must be gettin' insecure or something

I'm just admirien ya shit mann I aint gon touch it

I been through alotta things in my life but I learned from it

Put yaself in my shoes, dont I deserve something?

The only difference between me and you is a BUDGIT

Dont make me have to go sign with Suge or something

Remember this: History repeats itself

Whenever that never ending hunger meets itself

Everybody want they wealth, peace and health

When I was fucked up you aint give me a couple of G's to help, did you?

No, you waited fa my cheese to melt

You want all the hot beats and the streets to yourself

Well my [?] niggaz different enough to attract interest

From anybody in the rap business and I'ma get it cash or credit

Besides a little drama from my first 2 records

Rip the Jackers images is unblemished

Come on I wouldnt bite you I look at you like my dentist

I thought you was number one recommended, why you offended?

Hip hop aint ya property, you aint the only tenant

If I win the lottery you cant tell me how to spend it

You got something to say, dont put ya Henchmen in it

Them little monkey faced artist that you sign fa pennies

I refuse to serve them like Dennies

You know they rhymes is petty

Dont tell me that ya school of hard knocks turn preppy

None of yall mothah fuckers know me and you never met me

And if my name wasnt shit then you wouldnt sweat me

Thats ubsurd right? Me gettin busy get on ya nerves right?

You really are listenin to the words right?

High when i wrote this but sober when I spoke it

Its not like I tried to promote it like Jay-o did, ya notice?

Mann I was never focused on you

I just spit hard on the mic cause my shit is hot too

I went out and bought ya album 2 times, I aint hatin'

Next thing I know you talkin Jamaican like you a native

But you really violatin', you dont know what you sayin'  
Canibus aint in the game so you know he aint playin  
I had nothing before and I have nothing now  
Fuckin' with a nigga with nothing only brings you down

*[Girl Singing]*  
Listen to me everybody-rybody-rybody-rybody...

# Canibus Lyrics

"Hate U 2"

(feat. Pakman)

*[Canibus]*

Yo why you got so much hatred?

Why you don't want me to make it?

What are you afraid of?

You treat me like I'm not a member of the rap game club

Yo I sold a million records too, I don't get the same love

It's strange because the majors already drained my pockets,

and now they wanna drain my blood

Do you have any idea of what I did to get here? Do you?!

You can smell the hatred in the atmosphere

This record is livin proof that I've made it

And your listenin to it now, and it's on an independent label

You like Canibus? Yeah right, if you say so

Talk to Louie Lombard, hey'll put you on the payroll

When you see me on the street now, I probably really glow

Nothin like some of these wack rappers that are really broke

I can laugh at a meaningless joke, but I got a daughter to feed

Don't hate me cuz I'm competin bro

I'm doin it all by myself

And as long as I'm on the shelf, I'm always have wealth

This is what motivated microphone FIENDS do

And it's ok if you hate me cuz I hate you too

*[Hook]*

Is the reason why you keep callin my name out of the blue,

If it's because you hate me, then I hate you too

We heard it through the Grapevine and now we know it's true

Just tell me that you hate me, I'll say I hate you too

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out you was hatin on us!

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out you was hatin on us!

*[Repeat 1st part of Hook]*

*[Pakman]*

I hate your style, when I see you I wanna earl

I should do somethin real foul, like get at your girl

Make your heart throb, take a hooptie and smash your parked car

Run up in your favorite night club, get you barred (Fuck outta here!!)

Why you like to hate stars? Why you talkin in riddles?

Me losin is the only way to get you to giggle

You pitiful motherfucker, you gon' stay in the gutter

I can see you at 33 and still be livin with your mother

I'm sick of you clowns runnin around, hatin on Rippers

You see me in the street, act like your mouth got a zipper

Aiyyo don't say a word faggot cuz it's already proven

Keep it movin, you ain't FUCKIN up this new shit I'm doin  
I'm tryin to keep a space between me and you, like gapped teeth  
To avoid catchin cases for lettin the gat speak  
I ain't never got a problem to meet on a backstreet  
In a black hoodie, new mac-milli, now act silly  
You can hate me forever, I'ma always be makin moves  
Don't be mad cuz I'm a leader, a Ripper that breaks rules  
It's a shame what hate's makin individuals do  
Don't forget the bottom line is that I hate you too

*[Hook]*

Is the reason why you keep callin my name out of the blue,  
If it's because you hate me, then I hate you too  
We heard it through the Grapevine and now we know it's true  
Just tell me that you hate me, I'll say I hate you too

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out you was hatin on us!  
Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out you was hatin on us!

*[Repeat 1st part of Hook]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Stop Smokin"

(feat. C-4)

### [Hook]

He love me (He love that rock)  
He love me (He love that rock)  
He love me (He love that rock)  
He love me, (Well he if he love you then tell him to stop)  
He love me (He love that rock)  
He love me (He love that rock)  
He love me (Come on bitch, he love that rock)  
He love me, (Well he if he love you then tell him to stop)

### [Canibus]

You ever came home everything ya owned was gone  
TV, VCR, fridge and phone  
And poor your Armani boo cologne  
That nice China set from your mother-in-law  
Ya say to yourself "How could I get robbed?"  
The guard dog would've bit somebody for sure  
Could it be somebody that you probably know  
Got the ABT code and the keys to the door, no  
You better think again gullable ho  
Somebody you know was on a rob patrol

### [C-4]

And I seen em' pull up in a Pinto  
I couldn't believe, eyes peekin' through the window  
Ain't y'all engaged, well that day he was with the neighborhood bimbo  
I thought to myself, OH!  
Why would he a need a credit card to get in for  
You keep a set of keys under the mat  
He ain't thinkin' of that, he stealin' for crack  
On the street he can get a hundred for that  
I hope you don't really think he bringin' it back  
I'm tellin' ya girl he stole it  
He was standin' around the last time I saw it  
I remember when you bought it  
That son of a bitch got balls if he can pawn it  
I remember when I seen him this morning  
He pulled me to the side asked me if I want it  
I had to look real close for a moment  
I was shocked when I seen it was your shit  
He put it away cause he somebody was comin' and just took off runnin'  
I told ya woman, he love that rock

### [Woman]

I remember when I met him two years ago  
At the Texaco, I was checkin' though

He impressed me though, he was enchanting though  
He ain't have no dough but he was sexy though  
At first I played hard to get though  
But it got so good I had to let it go  
It was one to four, put it on me slow  
Even asked me to marry him in Mexico  
I can't explain how he made me feel  
I was head over heels, in love for real  
I took him home so he could meet my dad  
Took care of his ass, gave him all my cash  
For a year and a half I treated him good  
He said he needed space, I understood  
He be out all not, what seems for days  
Then he showed up crazed and he needed to shave  
Smellin' like rotten eggs, I'd tell him to bathe  
Clean him up, take him to church and get him saved  
In Jesus' name I can make him change  
If I would've lost my way he would've done the same  
Cause he love me

*[Hook]*

*[Canibus]*  
I'm tellin' ya he ain't gonna stop, stop  
And he just love that rock, rock  
Kid run up in ya crib like knock, knock  
Take everything that cha' got, got  
Gold watch, watch jewelry box, box  
The go straight to the pawn shop, shop  
He's ridin' that white horse, horse  
And he don't wanna get off, off  
I got a 800 number you can call, call  
Cause that love y'all had is lost, lost  
He don't love you he love that rock

*[Hook]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Lemme Hear Somethin Else"

(feat. Pakman)

### [Chorus]

Aiyyo my wrist stay froze (Lemme hear somethin else)  
Aiyyo I fuck mad hoes (Yo lemme hear somethin else)  
I'm a big dog with big dough (Won't you say somethin else)  
Yo man you fuckin up my flow (You ain't got nothin else)  
Man I got somethin else (So lemme hear somethin else)  
My chain got bagette diamonds (Won't you do somethin else)  
I spit rhymes with perfect timing (You could try somethin else)  
Yeah you can't stop me from shinin (I'll spit it myself)

### [Killer P]

I'm on my way to ASCAP so I can pick up my dough  
I ran into a Jacker nigga tryna hit me with flows  
He didn't know I had a mind to just bloody his nose  
And let the blood pour down on his white clothes

### [Pakman]

Chhhh..

Nigga! You don't wanna cipher with me  
My name ain't Pakman for nothin, I'm gobblin emcees  
Chhhh..

### [Killer P]

Damn yo, I wasn't even tryna take it there  
Lemme hear somethin in the ear nigga, make it clear  
He started goin on about pushin a big Benz  
How he stayed jig, and smoked chronic up with his friends  
He doin it big and got unlimited ends  
I just met the nigga, I seen him walkin up with his mens  
Stop frontin shorty, lemme tell you somethin 'bout the game  
It's a thin line, from being wack to spittin flames  
You gotta represent when you be writin them lines  
Don't be a FUCKIN millionaire in every one of ya rhymes  
I'ma let you walk in but yo you gotta be quick  
I gotta go, and the shit you spittin nigga, better be slick  
He started gettin busy, I was noddin my head  
Then he fucked it all up and said some shit that I said  
Stopped rhymin cuz he knew he shouldn't have said that verse  
Lookin stupid as fuck, for that nigga it was the worst  
Yo, how you gonna bite and try to be top shelf  
Better get ya act together, lemme hear somethin else

### [Chorus]

### [Canibus]

I give you more grievance than a nigga possessed by demons

Walkin on ceilings, chasin white lot speedin  
Like Tony Soprano, takin meetings  
With a psychologist about his emotional feelings  
and his crime dealings  
He even talked about how to make alcohol out of orange peelings  
Pink cookies in a plastic bag gettin crushed by a buildin  
was cool until Canibus puked it  
With ill cannibalistic, animal instincts  
Instant lyrical fitness, could you handle the distance?  
You don't have enough wisdom  
The man who gives quicksand resistance,  
sinks the quickest, it's simple physics  
I get "Southernplayalistic" and pimp chicks  
Put my big dick in they mouth and smear they lipstick  
Come here you stank bitch!  
Tell ya man if he don't spit a hundred bars  
I'ma bust him in his big lips  
Spit quick, like 6B tip-tronic stick-shift  
Bitch is equipped with a nitrous-oxide flipswitch  
If you hate me, why would you recreate me  
With those that imitate me and emulate me?  
They talk about me so distastefully lately  
But that never break me, they underestimate me  
Me and the Killer P, and P-A-C get crazy with G-A-T's  
I'm a B-E-A-S-T, you don't wanna race me  
I do Mach 1 over a A-F-B  
No if's, A-N-D's, or B-U-T's  
A hundred bars ain't SHIT for a true emcee  
SHUT THE FUCK UP! You should be ashamed of yourself  
I ain't heard nothin I felt, lemme hear somethin else

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Hott Tonight"

*[female]*

Oh Germaine, can you please tell me one of your  
Hollywood Stories?

Oooh..ahhh..excite merjemon

*[Chorus]*

When it's hot it's hot, when it's hot it's hot (I'm so hot tonight)  
When it's hot it's hot, when it's hot it's hot (So hot)  
When it's hot it's hot, when it's hot it's hot (Caliente)  
When it's hot it's hot, when it's hot it's hot (I'm so hot tonight)

*[Canibus]*

Aiyyo.. c'mere girl, gimme a kiss  
Tell the truth, you know you like hangin with Canibus  
I know you can't commit but at least try a sample  
Who knows, I might be too much man to handle  
If I'm attracted to you, I'ma make a long pass at you  
Come after you and capture you  
Put a platinum GPS bangle around ya ankle  
To keep track of you incase I decide to marry you  
We can be friends till death do us part  
Kiss ya left breast cuz it's next to ya heart  
Don't be a mermaid, open up ya legs  
If you can't spread eagle, just gimme some head  
Whatever the outcome, I just wanna come  
Beat it up real good, bust one and run  
I believe in abstenence, just not tonight  
I can't help myself you look hot tonight

*[Chorus]*

*[Female singer & Canibus]*

Chupa chupa, boca chula  
Whatchu gon' do when I walk up to ya?  
Chupa chupa, boca chula  
Whatchu gon' do when I walk up to ya?  
Chupa chupa, boca chula  
Whatchu gon' do when I walk up to ya?  
Chupa chupa, boca chula  
Whatchu gon' do when I walk up to ya?

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

"Wild On C" with Brooke Burke in the Visa  
Steamin like I'm dreamin on the couch with my feet up

I'm not a playboy, I'm a hustler, wait till I touch ya  
I'ma do somethin to getchu "burnin" from my Bunson  
Clitoris rubbin, sperm pumpin, nerve numbin, humpin in public  
The whole world could probably hear you cummin  
The way I grab your pumpkin, caress your dumplings  
I ain't never leave me girl, so stop frontin  
You never wanted a Yes man, you wanted and Arabesque man  
With biceps and a chest imprint  
Not a skeleton with hardly any skin  
I know it's irrelevant but his penis is probably very thin  
I'm hung like the trunk of an elephant  
Or the trunk of the tree the serpent wrapped around in Genesis  
with the same devilish melevolence  
Tryin to get you to bite in the food, I injected with seditives  
How many orgasms have you had already?  
Let's have a shag-a-thon; tell me when you past twenty  
When I introduce you to Grand Marye, act friendly  
She'll get envious if I ever rub your ass gently  
Tonight I'm being a pimp baby, not an emcee  
Invite a couple friends, I'll reserve ten seats  
After we eat, we can check a couple spots tonight  
Gimme kiss, you look hot tonight

*[Chorus]*

Oooh.. papi..  
Oooh.. caliente..  
Oooooh...

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Gotta Get That Doe"

(feat. Pakman)

Yo whattup Pakman  
(Aiyyo whattup Bis, I'm waitin for the Rip Off man)  
Yo I just wanna know one thing (What's that?)  
You ready to get that dough (No doubt)  
AIGHT!!

*[Chorus: Canibus + Pakman]*

We be the rippers that'll bring if you act shady  
After we fry you, we puff a blunt and then it's gravy  
And you can keep her cuz we don't care about ya lady  
Iiiii've gotta get that dough! AIGHT!!

*[Canibus]*

Aiyyo it's only a handlefull of rap critics  
That every had a close-encounter with this rap wizard  
You wack rappers can't rip it  
In other words your lyrics are to primitive  
You need to be more descriptive  
Look at the way I flipped it, a True Hollywood Story  
I manipulated this miserable music business  
Then I caked off two, by going independent  
How much you make an album? About ten cents  
I make about ten cents, every sentence  
It's my third album and I'm workin on my tempence  
I don't brag; I'm keep it modest  
I'm ain't hot; I'm the hottest  
I'm not being pompus, I went through a process  
I used to be a prophit, now I make profits  
You sound like garbage, one of these days you gon' end up jobless  
Pushin a shoppin cart with the same Cristal bottles  
you was drinkin out of when shit was poppin  
I seen a episode on VH1 Documents  
They talked about your drug addiction and what was behind it  
The bottom line is, how much you sold  
No one gives a fuck if you blow, you gotta get that dough  
I'm tired of niggaz talkin about it, but I can't live without it  
I'm stuck if I ain't got it, so what's the logic?  
Should I talk about material objects, and get on some  
"How you like me now bitch," wearing a shiny outfit?  
(Nah Bis, don't do that come on) Yeah, I know, I know  
But no matter what I do I'ma get that dough, fo' sho'!

*[Chorus x2]*

*[Pakman]*

When I get at you niggaz, ain't nuttin personal I gotta

Everything you spit, I'm predictin it's double copper  
You the type of nigga to force a nigga to rock ya  
Always got ya'self up in the middle of the drama  
Frontin for nothin cuz ya niggaz told me you pussy  
Need to get smarter and try to holler at the rookies  
Fuck with Canibus & Pak and get that ass a coffin  
FUCK what you thinkin faggot, we rippin niggaz open  
Now is a new day and we be focused on the paper  
Still'll get in you but the feeling for dough is greater  
Piling with hate and you need to holler at the maker  
If you don't do it now, then you gotta face it later  
Don't even think about tryna dim a nigga shinin  
You gon' fuck around and get slapped up with the iron  
Everything we do is connected with gettin paper  
And you ain't talk about it, so nigga I'll see you later

*[Chorus x2]*

*[Canibus]*

If ya know where ya comin from, ya know where ya goin  
I wouldn't doubt myself, not even for a moment  
I'm proud of my music cuz it's dope and I wrote it  
True Hollywood Stories opens in October  
Directed by none other than Canibus for a coper  
It's no stoppin me, my commodity is growin  
I'll fly anywhere on this planet to promote it  
Maybe I should come out with my own line of clothing  
I printed up some Canibus shirts and I sold 'em  
I jump on stage, and I prove I'm a showman  
Can-I-Bus is a microphone omen  
I slam it when I'm done to make sure that it's broken  
The industry's sick, man I'm already knowin  
Never had the luxury to choose, I was chosen  
Where I come from, opportunity is golden  
Platinum I already sold it, NO SHIT!!

*[Chorus x2]*

# Canibus Lyrics

"R U Lyrically Fit?"

(feat. Luminati)

*[Canibus]*

Get ready for the Luminati tsunami

*[Lou]*

C4 [?]

Eat meat raw

Street dawgs

Rip these off

And put C's on

Had to ease off

From a show I just peed on

Bought a two-seater that I put 10G's on

Beat her

Cause she took my mother fuckin ring off

She took me to Supreme Court

And the judge got screamed on

They sent me up North

To a prison with a [?]

All day long

Lift weights we [?]

Meet King-Kong, Big Don, and Little Shawn

Murda One got big arms

He real strong

Beat his own mom 'cause she stole from the weed farm

Word on the streets

Raw

Don't beef with Armstrong

Wrong season

Lou crush anything he breathes on

Pass me the paper and pen

And put beats on

Rip rap songs

[?]

*[Canibus]*

Yo!

You mess with my horse

You dead as a corpse

Forget it

Rhymes without ending

With infinite lyrics

Fools you do get abused like broads

In a battle for truth with rhymes and metaphors

When my horse appears

Count your prayers

Stab you in the ear

Then pull out the spear  
Watch the crowd cheer  
Leave the floor wet  
With all the blood stains  
So the audience knows  
The Canibus runs things  
I rip down stages  
On many occasions  
Dozen of broken down mics and melted tape decks  
Everywhere I go niggas wanna rob me  
Bootleggers be in the front row  
Trying to get a clear copy  
So take caution  
Cause I'm a horseman  
And I'll snatch that ass up quick like "turn it off man"  
So just acknowledge  
The way that I'm gifted  
Cause if rap was a felony  
I'd be in prison  
Hogging up the phone  
Cussing at the C.O's  
25 to life  
With no parole  
When battling me  
You must be feeling yourself  
I rip the jacker so hard  
He might kill himself  
Like his name was Todd or James  
Back in the dark days  
It's like a pit bull getting bit by a Shar-Pei  
I defend my horse, my men, my friends  
My baby's momma  
And my offspring  
So bring it on then  
So I can show you how I devour  
Niggas like a rottweiler with acidic saliva  
Step ya shit up  
Nigga  
The rippa's much iller  
Cause when I write rhymes  
I use the mind to pick the pen up  
Most artists are garbage  
No skills  
They belong in a landfill  
Nobody feels it when the grab the mic (let me hear something else)  
And start bragging about their massive ice  
I can't eat MC's 'cause I lost my appetite  
I'm a beast  
You a midget  
With wack lyrics  
Like doctor evil said (quiet, shut up, zip it)  
I rain superior  
My metaphors are scarier

Non-ill rappers  
You better evacuate  
Before I exfoliate your face  
With abrasive phrases  
To give your face a face-lift  
Germane spits insane shit  
So stop hating if you cant applaud me  
And give rap music the glory

*[Lou]*  
'C' - True Hollywood Story

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Ya Teef Iz Yellow (Skit)"

(feat. Pakman)

YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW

I never thought that it could come down to this  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
it's a subject that I just can't resist  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
You got jokes, but this one here is for you  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
here's a list of things I think you should do  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
As yellow as some pineapple punch  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
they got that way because you don't brush  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
It's too late for that, toothpaste won't be enough  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
you probably got gingivitis in your gums  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
How you smell so freely showin' ya teef  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
if I was you, i'd go and get them shits bleached  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
You need to start buyin toothbrushes by tha threes  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
did anybody ever tell ya they look like straight cheese  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
Mustard yellow, soon they'll be green and brown  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
you totally disgust tha people your around  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
I must admit, they nasty as fuck  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
God forbid somebody drink out your cu

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Luv U 2"

(feat. Pakman)

*[Chorus]*

There's a reason why you keep callin my name out of the blue  
If it's because you love me, then I love you too  
We heard it through the Grapevine and now we know it's true  
Just tell me that you love me, I'll say I love you too

*[Canibus]*

Yo yo, I love my life; I love my wife  
I love my daughter; and I love my mic  
If you love me, I love you, I'm humble  
I won't do things to bug you and start trouble  
If you want an autograph, I'ma sign it  
I don't care if the plane's leavin and I get left behind it  
I'm not that simple-minded  
If I had the time, I'd probably type it, or get Stan to write it  
You don't shower Canibus with kindness cuz he's the nicest  
You do it cuz you genuinely like him  
Sure I'll talk to you in private  
You might get backstage tickets or ice cream for your politeness  
Shake my hand if you like Bis  
But you can give me a hug if you got love, try it  
Extend ya arms around me, then bend ya arms  
Spread the love, a virus created by God  
I'm really speakin from the heart cuz I'm touched by you  
And I'm glad that you love me, cuz I love you too!

*[Chorus]*

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out that you got love for us!  
Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out that you got love for us!

*[Chorus]*

*[Pakman]*

Yeah I know you got love, when you see me you wanna hug me  
All excited, hoppin around like the Easter Bunny  
I'm like a puppy, all I wanna do is lay down and cuddle  
That's why I'm happy that you could finally say that I love you  
Nothin wrong with showin feelings to me, cuz I'ma G  
And so I can tell you overwhelmed by the way that you breathin  
Know you ran up here to see me, wishin that you could be me  
Callin people at home while they watchin me on the TV  
I'm a household name, with the power to spit flames  
Then I flip and give the children somethin they can get with  
You love me, then why you got that look in ya eye?  
Why every single time you see me you be actin surprised?

No it ain't all for nuttin somethin got to be somethin  
And I ain't givin you no paper, so you got to be frontin  
What was you doin at ten shows I tore down overseas  
And it's funny how you was at the album signing in Queens  
Ain't hard to tell you lovin anything connected with Pak  
And once I recognize I be the type to give it back  
Don't try to fool me, been doin this, I'm no dummy  
On a mission to get it, and I'm winnin, you gotta love me!

*[Chorus]*

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out that you got love for us!  
Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out that you got love for us!

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Box Cutta' Blade Runna"

*[Helicopter flying, and Pilot talkin]*

"Record Industries most wanted: Rip The Jacker:"

Wanted for the '98 slayings of several rappers  
One of which went on to be a successful actor  
Here's the realection: He called me at my mans crib  
The phone probably rang 2 times then I answered  
He sounded really amped up, he tried to scare me  
    He told me that Def Jam wanted to ban me  
    And told me Trace at the label wanted to bang me  
Damn I wanted to get in her panties, she was scared of me  
    Canibus hates the media and the magazines  
They have so much credability to elaberate schemes  
    Internet chatrooms with live feeds of a rapper  
        Being eatin alive by La Peez  
Sound barriers like the Lockheed even without means  
    I run a course rough Terana Mach speed  
        Thats a rhyme from like 9-3  
Thats vivid in the mind, as pictures with 600 DPI's to a sheet  
    If I'm high when I speak the knowledge is deep  
    Silent as concrete this is real hip-hop for the streets  
        I never leave any witnesses, its rediculous  
They serve me court papers in the studio I did this in  
    Missin from society, because they lied to me  
They didn't want to accept my documents in society  
I study with hundreds of scientist and science teams  
    And various Ivyleagues, they respect my asteam  
What do you want me to rap about? Go ahead try a theme  
Gimmie a person, place or thing I'll create the time and scenes  
    Somewhere in Afghanistan, U.S.A survival teams  
Keep a eye on their surroundings and the Jahad Rageam  
I total riot scene, back and forth they encrypt fiber optic beams  
    On my album out next spring  
    You motha fuckin right nigga I'm about that cream  
I promissed my self I wouldn't shoot it without that scene  
    It doesnt look right like Cash Money without that bling  
    Siblings, I mean we all got the same last name  
        Jermaine Williams, thats my name  
        Say it again Jermaine Williams, Danggg  
I think he goes by the name of the Canibus Man  
    And occasionally Rip the Jacker but never Stan  
Get it through your head and don't ask me again  
    Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat  
Have you ever read the book called "The Catcher in The Rye"?

    It so happens I'm looking for a copy I could buy  
    Canibus is comin for ya'll round day outside

Round day outside, round day outside  
Alotta ya'll shine, but ya'll cant rhyme  
And its about time that I put ya'll in line  
Twist your mind with twisted rhymes  
As weird as Michael Jackson's nose from the side  
Flows that'll buy the quite bow for the times  
No need to hide your freinds are all associates of mine  
Don't be a stranger come over some time  
I got coke if you do lines, you get a Rover to drive  
If you hear the engine knockin, just pullover to the side  
I guess it hasn't been serviced in all this time  
Halloween: True Hollywood Stories release date  
We should have a who wants to battle Canibus sweepstakes  
Limited to three states  
New York City: home of the greats  
Philly and out West piece-a-cake  
Old school rappers, I wouldn't be around without  
Ain't got shit to say but keep puttin albums out  
Don't let what I say get you upset  
Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat...

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Draft Me"

(feat. C-4)

*[female newsreporter talking]*

"Also the, hearing from the defense department that they launched  
some fifty Tomahawk cruise missiles  
Not only from ahh US ships but also from British  
submarines in the area"

*[Chorus: x2]*

Draft me! I wanna fight for my country  
Jump in a humvee and murder those monkeys!  
Draft me! I'm too dedicated to fail  
Justice must prevail (Justice must prevail!)

*[Canibus]*

Yo, I wanna get drafted, I wanna see somebody get they ass kicked  
with standard military tactics  
Fuck brass knuckles, I'll punch you with brass fists  
Totally flowin with my emotions in my moment of madness  
I'll wake up the whole barracks, murder you on your matress  
And look at you like, "What's the matter?"  
You better go back to your bed, before I have to act up  
You might be the next one to get ripped you jacker!  
You better not tell the captain  
I might accidentally shoot you with the mack 10 at target practice  
Runnin through the obstacle course, up and across  
Over the logs, five more, damn soldier you strong  
Come on, I wanna be agile and docile  
Break ya legs like popsicle sticks, put you in a hospital  
Stand over top of you, put a pillow over your nostrils  
and just feel so sorrowful  
It doesn't make me feel powerful, it's just a parable  
It's just a rhyme really none of this is tangible  
So don't ask me about it, I won't get angry at you  
And before I get angry, I just won't answer you  
You better go get in shape or lift some weights nigga  
Cuz next time I see you I'ma be a ape nigga  
Lemme find out you still callin out my name  
I'll crash into your tourbus with a plane nigga

*[Chorus: x2]*

*[C-4]*

Fuckin with my freedom, leave a muh'fucker bleedin  
Leave 'em in pain like a infant when he teethin  
It's huntin season, and ya loved ones grievin  
Cuz I never back up (no sir) I never back down  
Ask Brown (Ha!) From the bell to the last round

Face down, dick in the dirt, hit 'em where it hurt  
Make the enemy my lil' bitch in a skirt  
Cuz when it rained it poured, this ain't a game it's war  
One goal, one aim son, same as yours  
Alotta pain to endure, terrain to explore  
And I'ma hold my weapon right cuz I was trained in the Corp  
You don't want no trouble, whole city reduced to rubble  
And we gon' make it happen, quick, fast, and on the double  
Draft me!

*[C-4]*

So y'all best go get y'all shuffles!  
(Draft me) The situation's gettin ugly  
So who better butt me, and put to sleep the enemy  
Draft me, pass me, the M-16  
Give me a buzz cut, ask me if I give a fuck  
I'm comin out blastin, military four-fashion  
Twelve close castin, for weapons of mass-distraction  
Outlastin, all the privates in my company  
Fightin for my family, and the cats that grew up with me  
My Band of Brothers, rarely just smother the enemy  
Razor blades cut ya face and leave a scar so you remember me  
Lurkin, to leave y'all with bloody red turbans  
Screamin "Jihad!" while y'all pray to a false god  
We ready for, all out war, it's time to settle the score  
Grab a .44 and dump into nigga's door  
Draft me, you ain't even gotta ask me, I'm ready  
With the Rambo machete, using tactics that's deadly  
Draft me, I swear to God, we ready for the Taliban  
Drop the bomb, and huddle with some nuclear laws, come on!

*[Chorus: x2]*

*[Canibus as Stan]*

Truthfully, I wouldn't wanna go to war if they asked me  
I'd rather puff hashies and talk about headies and Lassie  
I was just sayin to Canibus last week  
I heard a record called Channel 0 that was mad deep  
When I'm overseas I can't eat, the food is nasty  
Bis has a seafood fancy, I'm allergic to crabby  
G'head draft me, your all in my new family  
I'll have a good time wavin gats at the ???  
If I get hit, one of the team'll carry me  
So g'head draft me, g'head draft me

*[Chorus: x2]*

*[George W. Bush talking]*

"The only way to pursue peace is to pursue those that threaten it  
We did not ask for this mission, but we will fulfill it..."

